Adolpho Thiers.

It was a happy thought to reproduce this side of the Atlantic in English translations the series of short biographies of "Great French Writers" which is now in course of bligation in Paris. We must also bear testimony to the general excellence of the translations. It is not, however, easy to understand the grounds on which Thiers has been insluded in a list which includes Montesquieu and George Sand, Assuredly he was not one of the great masters of French prose—so much at least is admitted by M. Paul DE Rémusar, the author of the sketch of which Mr. Melville B. Anderson has made an admirable English version. Neither. if we pass from form to matter, can it be said Thiers, as it may be said of Gibbon, that he has made a great subject inalienably his own. His histories of the Revolution, and of the Congulate and Empire are no longer quoted as authorities by scholars, and if they are not already superseded in popular favor by the works of Taine and Lanfrey, it seems clear that they soon must be. This also is acknowledged by M. de Rémusat, that, when Thiers was made President of the republic, it was not the historian but the statesman and the patriot that his fellow citizens remembered. Fifty years hence, if either of the great Ministers of Louis Philippe still finds his writings in ponsiderable request, it is more likely to be Guizot than Thiers.

Not only must we question the propriety o placing the name of Thiers in the present peries, but the outline of his life presented by M. de Rémusat scarcely satisfies the lawful glaims of curiosity. What we have here is not a searching and impartial biography, but an seademical eulogy. Nothing else, indeed, could be expected from a member of the Rémusat family, the intimacy of whose personal and political relations to Thiers is known. We earn nothing from this little volume about parents and grandparents from whom the intellect and character of Thiers were presumably, to some extent, transmitted; mothing about the social and pecuniary ircumstances amid which his youth was passed, which had, doubtless, some share determining his attitude toward soelety. Only by reading between the line does one divine that the subject of the panegyric was of humble origin and poor. To Americans such reticence seems not only a fault in taste, but a defect in method, for, by the failure to indicate the obstacles overcon we are left without the means of measuring the prowess of the victor. Through a like withholding of needful information we are puzzled to account for the abrupt rise of Thiers to political preëminence on the accession of Louis Philippe. Here was a young fournalist, underiably clever in his profession. who had found time for a foreible portray al of the French Revolution. But France at that time had not grown accustomed to recognize in such performances and aptitudes the stuff of which Prime Ministers are made. By what private sarvices had he won the confidence and affection of the King. and political or parliamentary achieve ments did he command such general defer ence from society as to make his sudden and high promotion possible? It surely was not by the disclosure of extraordinary talents for ora tory and debate. His first speech in a legislative assembly was as deplorable a failure as Disraell's. The light cast upon the parentage and youth of Thiers by M. de Rémusat is hardly less copious and satisfactory than that thrown upon the critical period of his political career. Of the species of encomium pronounced on a

deceased member of the French Academy by the new tenant of his seat this composition is a capital example. We do not mean that it was actually prepared for such a purpose, but it belongs to the category of funeral orations. It is meant to gratify the friends of the departed, and at the same time to display the literary graces and resources of the author. Neither of these aims is here missed by M. de Rémusat. But they who want to understand Thiers the bourgeois, Thiers the literary worker, and Thiers the statesman will have to look elsewhere for facts and unbiassed estimates. There have been few Frenchmen in this country whose lives have better deserved study, or in which American readers would

Among Caunibals,

take a more lively interest.

We have seen so many records of travel put forth by men whose sole qualification for exploration was physical courage that we wela thoroughly equipped observer. Such is Mr. CARL LUMHOLTZ, a Norwegian naturalist, who has published under the title of Among Cannibals (Scribners) the results of a four years' sojourn in Australia, which included ten months of camp life among the man-eating aborigines of Queensland. Not only is the body of this book at once interesting to the general reader and useful to the scientist but there are three appendices of exceptional value, de voted respectively to an outline of the history of Australia and to the fauna and flora of the anomalous continent. From no other single volume is it possible to obtain so vivid a conception of the conditions and peculiarities of animal and plant life in a region recognized as a survival of the mesozoic age and as cut off from Asia throughout the tertiary as wel as the quaternary period.

Let us hear Mr. Lumholtz describe those Australian savages who inhabit the valley of the Herbert River in North Queensland among whom he lived, without any white companion, for nearly a year. The natives of this district he regards as the lowest in respect of culture, to be found among the Whole species homo sapiens. They do not cultivate the soil, and their only domestic animal is the dingo (dog), which, although some fossil medmans have been found, is believed to have been brought to Australia by man. Living from hand to mouth on spontaneously produced vegetables or animal flesh, they are con stantly flitting from place to place and have no permanent abodes. Their character is like their mode of life; they are the children of the moment; a resolution is quickly formed and abandoned. Mr. Lumboltz, who, although a close, is also a sympathetic, observer, says that they are humorous by nature have a keen sense of what is comical, and erful disposition. But though free from care, they are never without a secret fear of being attacked by other tribes, for the tribes are each other's mortal foes. A stranger who dares to trespass on the land of another tribe is pursued like a wild beast, slain, and eaten It is a natural outcome of this state of things that beyond their own territorial borders the members of a given tribe know nothing of the country, and are as incompetent as they are mwilling to serve as guides. They are lacking in courage, but to some extent make up for this et by craft. If they can kill their enemies

It is well known that some of the Australian aborigines are cannibals, but their man-eating habits have never been so carefully studied as by the author of this volume. He lived, as we have said, among tribes whose propensitie had never been checked by contact with civilization, yet for a reason to be mentioned presently he was never in danger of being deyoured. His hosts and friends of the Herbert valley made no secret of their fondness for the ah of the black man; indeed, the delicious ness of this viand formed the chief topic of conversation around the traveller's camp fire. The mere thought of it would make their eyes When Mr. Lumboltz asked his men what part of the body they most liked they always struck their thighs. They never eat the head or the entrails. The most delicate is the fat about the kidneys. In attacking an enemy they always aim with their weapons at the kidneys, regarding them as the seat of life. By eating them they believe that they acquire a part of the stain person's strength. Curiously enough, the blacks do not like to eat white people. When a white man had been killed near the author's beadquarters, the question as to whether the

by a treacherous attack, they do so.

prise. The answer was in words that signified means ! Terrible nausea!" After ward the person replying pointed at his throat and made the sign of vomitting, to indicate his disgust for the flesh of the whites. Mr. Lumholts attributes this aversion to the fact that salt beef is the staple diet of the ordinary white settler in Australia. It is suggested that this kind of food may give his fiesh a different taste from that belonging to the flesh of the blacks, who live for the most on vegetables. In fact, the author has heard some so-called civilized black affirm that the white man's flesh has a salty taste. This explanation of a seemin anomaly would account for the predilection evinced by the natives for the flesh of the Chinese, who live mainly on rice and vegetables, It is said that in the north of Queensland ten Chinamen were eaten at one dinner. The author tells us, by the way, that it is a mistake to suppose that the cannibals have an uglier look than other savages. They who go in search of human flesh are certainly the boldes and most cunning, but a cannibal may look very quiet and approachable. Indeed, the women, who are very timid and gentle, take part with the men in feasting on human flesh It must not be supposed that human flesh. however, is the daily food of the Australian cannibal. On the contrary, he seldom gets mouthful of the delicacy. During all the time Mr. Lumboltz spent on Herbert River only two blacks were killed and eaten. One of them was young man who had ventured to go into the territory of a strange tribe, where he was surprised and killed. The other was an old man, who was not able to run fast enough when his tribe was attacked, and he was stoned to death. His flesh was brought in baskets to

As a rule, the Australian cannibals do not eat persons belonging to their own tribe. Mr. Lumboltz knew, however, of exceptions, and he heard of examples of mothers eating their own children. At a station which he visited near the Valley of Lagoons, three blacks were employed as servants and were presumed. consequently, to be civilized. One of them, roman, told the author that a fellow servan had given birth to three children, all of which had been killed. The mother had put an end to two of them herself, while the third of them and been permitted to live until it was big enough to be eaten. The woman who told the story had herself put her foot on the child's breast and crushed it to death; then she and the mother had devoured it. This was recounted as an ordinary occurrence. It seems too, that in 1883, about a hundred miles from Townsville, a child which had died a nat ural death was eaten, and the mother herself took part in the feast. A day or two later she died and in her turn was eaten We learn also that the natives south of the Carpentarian Gulf are cannibals to the follow ing extent: They never kill anypody for the purpose of eating him, but they who die natural death are eaten by the women. Near Moreton Bay also the dead are eaten by their own relatives. In western Queensland a woman belonging to a tribe of civilized blacks gave birth to a half-caste child, the offspring. that is, of a black mother and a white father It was permitted to live about three weeks, but one day one of the men put his hand round its neck and held it up till it was choked to death. Thereupon it was roasted on the fire, distributed among those present, and eaten greedily. Many of the white people at the station were witnesses of the performance. It is not known whether the mother ate any of the child's flesh. There seems to be no doubt that in Queens and, where Mr. Lumholte's most valuable observations were made, the natives are of a

ower physical type than in the southern part

of the Australian continent. Nevertheless, on

the Diamantina River, in the interior of Queensland, he found the blacks strong and nealthy, and even the women tall and muscular. He heard here of a black who was about seven feet high. In the Herbert valley, however, and generally on the northern coast the men were of smaller stature and had more slander limbs. The most characteristic feature of an Australian's face is the low, receding orehead, and the prominence of the part immediately above the eyes. This crantal conformation might indicate keen perception and in this they are not lacking. are expressive, dark brown, with frequently a tinge of deep blue. The white of the eye s of a dirty yellow color, and very much bloodshot, which gives them a ferocious ook. The nose is flat and triangular and narrow at the top, thus bringing the eyes near together. The partition between the two nostrils, which is very large and conspicuous, often pierced, and a yellow stick is inserted by way of ornament. The author's men would thrust their pipes for safe keeping into the holes in their noses. Now and then Mr. Lumholts would meet with noses almost Romanvariation from the normal type, which he attributes to an admixture of Papuan blood. general the Australian aborigines have high sheek bones and large, open, ugly mouths But the blacks on Herbert River usually keen their mouths shut, which improves their appearance, and upon the whole the author thought them a better-looking race than the natives further south. Their lips are of a reddish blue and they have small receding chins, Their muscular development is commonly slight and their legs and arms are particularly slender: but to this rule Mr. Lumholtz ob served many exceptions. The women are always knock-kneed, and this is often the case with men, although not in the same degree. The feet, which normally are leave footprints that are either straight or show the toes slightly turned out ward. The natives evince great skill in seizing spears and other objects with their toes, and they are thus enabled to avoid stoop ing in order to pick up things. Notwithstan ing their lack of muscularity, they have a remarkable control of their bodies and move with dignity and ease. The hair and beard of the natives near Herbert River are black as pitch and slightly curly, but not woolly. Men and women wear the hair of the head to the same longth. On the rest of the body there is generally but little hair, although some of the old men have a heavy growth upon their breasts. The hair and beard of the Australian are not coarse, and would be bright and beautiful if he were more cleanly. Along the Herbert River the natives have but little beard and even this is constantly pulled out. As to their color, though they are called black, they are more frequently a chocolate brown. In fants are a light yellow or light brown.

whose skin was thin and transparent, blush, We have seen that in Australia the men are as a rule, better shaped than the women. The latter have thinner limbs, the abdomen is prominent, and they have hanging breasts. mainly the result of hard work, unwholesome vegetable food, and prolonged nursing. They fade early, and do not attain to the average age of the men, which slightly exceeds fifty years. They bear their first child at the age of 18 to 20, sometimes later, and seldom have more than three or four. Twins are very rare. The birth of a child does not seem to give the mother much pain or trouble Instances of death from child bearing are very rare. It is curious fact that (according to the author's positive assertion) the tribes around the Car pentarian Gulf believe themselves able to predict the sex of the babe a few months before birth by counting the number of rings on the papilise mammic of the mother.
On two occasions Mr. Lumboltz saw what

at the age of 2 years they acquire the hue of

their parents. Under the influence of emotion

the complexion undergoes a striking change

Fear causes the skin to assume a graylsh color

Mr. Lumboltz has even seen young persons

might be called beauties among the women of western Queensland. Their hands were small their feet neat and well shaped, with so high an instep that one could but ask oneself where they could have acquired this aristocratic mark of beauty. Their figure was above crit icism, and their skin, as is usually the case among the young women, was as soft as velvet. When they smiled and showed their white teeth, and their eyes peeped from beneath the curly hair, which hung in the modern fashion deed man had been eaten caused great sur- over their foreheads, it was not difficult for the

author to believe that even in the Australian wilds women do not wholly lack the fascination ascribed by Goethe to their sex in gen eral. He acknowledges, however, that comely women are marked exceptions. The greatest ornaments that a woman oun have are a few stumey incisions scross the chest, arms, and back. Tattooing, in the strict sense, is not practised by the Australians. They do not prick the skin; they gash it on the parts just mentioned. The face (except as regards perforation of the nose, before referred to) is antonehed. Two other physical characte istics ought not to be overlooked. The voice of the Australian is melodious, though sometimes hoarse, and gives evidence of musical aptitude. In both men and women it is pitched high; bass voices are rare. The strong odor of the blacks is quite distinguishabl from that of an unclean white man. So pecu liar is this smell that cattle, horses, and dogs are disturbed by it, even when no native is visible. To this fact travellers have often owed their lives.

Of the countless details bearing on the grade of culture reached by the aborigines of Queensand we can now enumerate but two, viz., the message stick and the boomerang. diverse species are apt to be confounded in the popular conception. There is no doubt that, although the natives of Australia have no written language, they are able to make them elves understood by a kind of hieroglphics They can send information from one place t mother by means of signs scratched on a stick about four to seven inches long and one in wide. Mr. Lumboltz himself saw one of these sticks which had been sent to a native living in the Herbert Valley. A fac-simile of its in scribed surface is presented in this yolun The recipient of the message understood it. and prepared a similar stick, on which he wrote an answer. Some of these sticks are flat, others round and about as thick as a man's fin ger. Some are painted in different colors; others are engraved with straight or circular lines in regular patterns, as in embroidery. This seems to be a less primitive means of communication than the feather picture writing o the Aztees, or, at all events, than the knotted

cords used by the Incas of Peru. The boomerang is described with great clear ness and minuteness. There are two kinds one of which is a weapon, and the other a toy The former does not return to or near the place where the thrower stands; the latter does It is difficult to throw the boomerang well, and all natives are by no means expert in its use. The author tells us that it can be made to touch he ground once, and even twice, in its forward flight, without its circuitous return being interfered with. Mr. Lumholtz is disposed to believe that this curious toy-it is only, we repeat, the toy that has the property of returning was invented by the natives in their games. Black boys have been seen to amuse them selves around the camp fire with the leaves of a certain species of acacla, which have a striking resemblance to the boomerang. They would give the leaves a flick with the finger causing them to start off and presently return. This is one of the books of travel which, like hose of Darwin and of Wallace, are certain to be preserved. We should not omit that the reader is materially indebted to the American translator, Mr. Rasmus B. Anderson, who has rendered with accuracy and skill alike the narrative portions of the volume and those in which the author has recourse to scientific terminology. M. W. H.

The Last Volume of Browning. For most of the saner admirers of Robert Browning it will be rather a melancholy task to read the final volume of his verses, called Asolando, published just as the dying. The book opens with a half-earnest confession of failing powers, and throughout the thirty poems there is evidence of a conscious effort to assert the old individuality and to preserve the old characteristics. It is as if Browning had wished match himself against the Browning of thirty-five years ago, and, as happens often to a worker past the virile age, had succeeded only in rendering more pathetic the demonstration of his dependence upon his earlier self. That is why so many of the poems in the present collection strike the ear like feeble echoes from the "Men and Women" of 1855; for it is with Browning at his very best, in lyrical verse, in legend, in dramatic por traiture, in the psychology of the artist tem perament, and in general metaphysical imag inings, that the "Asolando" verses most di-

rectly challenge comparison. No one could have the heart to pursue this comparison relentlessly, or to contrast " Beatrice Signorini," for instance, with "Fra Lip-Lippi." In passages relating to love the decadence of Browning's imagination and lower of expression is painfully apparent. His love sentiment is sentimentality in its second childhood. The man who wrote the "Statue and the Bust" becomes capable of this weak travesty of Swinburnian music. leading to an anti-climax as crude and commonplace as could occur to a sentimental freshman in college:

All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag or all the wonder and wealth of the mine in the heart of

one gem; In the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine of Breath and bloom, shade and shine-wonder, wealth.

and—how far above them—
Trush, that's brighter than gem,
Trust, that's purer than pearl—
lightest truth, purest trust in the universe—all were

In the kiss of one girl. Such is the "Summum Bonum" of earthly existence as reduced to the last term of poetic expression by a poet who had lived nearly eighty years and treated of human pas all their finer aspects with incomparable sub-tlety of analysis. "In the kiss of one girl!" It is hard to define the sensations produced by this sudden plunge to bathos; but the effect on the mind is much the same as if the poet should find the surcease of world-weariness the approach to the vastitude of the starflecked Infinite, the key to the mysteries "of the midnight and the silence of the sleep-time,"

In the kick of one mule. Browning's weakening fancy clung with pe istency to the idea of the kiss in its relation to the eternal verities:

Perhaps but a memery, after all! Of what came once when a woman lean To feel for my brow where her kiss might fall. Truth ever, truth only the excellent : And again:

Ab. Suret-

The moment eternal-just that and no more-While checks burn, arms open, eyes shut, and lips mee Even the kiss that is stolen and therefore acks the quality of everlasting truth, appeared to his senile appetite as a desirable thing:

> What girl but, having gathered flowers, Stript the beds and spoilt the bowers, From the lapful light she carries Drops a careless bud? nor tarries To regain the walf and stray: "Store enough for home," she'll say So may I too: give your lover

Heaps of loving-under, over, Whelm him-make the ope the wealthy Am I all so poor who-stealthy Work is was-picked up what fell: Not the worst bud—who can tell? The girl of the octogenarian's fancy turns np again in the verses bearing the somewhat

mushy title of "A Pearl, a Girl:" I am wrapt in blaze, Creation's lord, of heaven and earth Lord whole and soul—by a minute's birth— Through the love in a girl.

The most remarkable and at the same time the most melancholy proof of the poetic oscu lomania that affected Browning's last writings is afforded by the poem called "Muckle mouth Meg." This balled opens in a promis ing way, and proceeds with considerable vigor, humor, and directness to a conclusion that is simply outrageous. The impulse that pushe the aged post into such unparalleled vulgarity must have been uncontrollable:

BUCKLE-ROUTH MBG.

Frowned the Leird on the Lord: "So, red-handed, I

Death-deemed by our law of the borders

We've a gallows enseids and a chiel to despatch thee; le met frown with smile, did the young Es

Then the Laird's dame: "Nay, husband, I ben! He's comely; be merciful! Grace for the callant, If he marries our Muckle-month Meg!" No mile-wide mouth meneter of yours de I marry; Orant rather the gallows!" laughed 56.

Foul fare kith and kin of you—why do you tarry ?"
"To tame your flares tempes," quoth she.

Shove him quick in the Hole, shut him fast for a we Cold, darkness, and hunger work wonders.
Who lion-like roars new, mouse-fashion will squeak,
And 'fi rains' soon succeed to 'it thunders.'

week did he bide in the cold and the dark-Not hunger, for duly at morning In ditted a lass, and a voice like a tark Chirped "Muckie-mouth Meg still ye're scorning

"Ge hang, but here's parrich to hearten yedret!"
"Did Meg's muckle mouth boast within some
Such music as yours, miss should match it or burst No frog jaws. So tell folk, my Winsome son week same to end, and, from Hole's door set

Out he marched, and there waited the lamie: You gallows, or Muckle mouth Meg for a bride! sider! Hky solue and turt's gra-"Life's sweet. Shall I say ye wed Muckle-mouth "Not I," quoth the stout heart; "Itoo earle

The mouth that can swallow a bubbly jock's egg. Shall I let it munch mine! Never, Dearla!" 'Not Mackle-mouth Meg? Wow, the obstinate man'

Perhaps he would rather wed me!"

Ay, he would—with just for a dowry you can!"

"I'm Muckle-month Meg," chirruped she. "Then so—so—so—so—as" he kissed her apace
"Will I widen thee out till thou turnest From Margaret Minnikin-mon', by God's grace, To Muckle-mouth Meg in good earnest

This aspect of Browning's deterioration is the saddest of all, for it is difficult to consider it without taking into account certain sympoms of a decay that is moral as well as intellectual. It would be pleasant to think of Browning as manly to the last. In the poems of "Asolando," which are not concerned with lips and love, his once grim humor has become omewhat flabby, and there is an exaggeration of the well-known mannerisms of style without corresponding increase in the value of the thought concealed. If some of the earlier obscurities gave the impression of words twisted out of intelligibility by the power or strangeiess of the ideas trying to burst through them there are plenty of passages here, even mor obscure, which seem like mere word puzzles constructed for the purpose of puzzling. There are passages which have really no more intel lectual meaning than so many phrases of Wager's music. Browning had or thought he had a meaning; that is to say, there was an idea in is mind, to which these verbal construction formed a sort of accompaniment. But it is idle to speculate about the particular meaning he intended to symbolize by the particular con

struction, for the secret died with him. On the other hand, nothing since "Sordello" has been so great a boon to the Browning Clubs as poems like the "Ponte dell' Angelo Rephan." "Reverie," and the third Venice. of the "Bad Dreams," Such a stanza as this Reverie" is alone worth years of inter from ' esting but inconclusive discussion:

Would Power to a plenitude But liberate, but enlarge Good's straight confine—renewed Were ever the heart's discharge Of loving! Eise doubts intrude.

So are these, in which a soul which has im migrated from a remote sphere to this planet attempts to convey to earthly inhabitants the hilosophy of existence in the star of the God Rephan:

All hereft Attend, perpend ! O Star Of my God Rephan, what wonders are In thy brilliance fugitive, faint and far! Here by extremes at a mean you guess There, all's at most—not mere, not less; Nowhere deficiency nor excess. No want—whatever should be is now; No growth-that's change and change comes-how To royalty born with crown on brow? Nothing begins—so needs to end;

Where fell it short at first fr Extend Only the same, no change can me To go back for a moment to those poen which are not obscure by reason of hazy thought or tortured language, there are two in the new volume which seem to have a definite moral purpose. They will serve to illustrate Browning's impaired sense of relative values In the first, called "Arcades Ambo," he attacks

he practice of vivisection: A. You blame me that I ran away! Why, air, the enemy advan Balls flew about, and—who can say But one if I stood firm, had glanged In my direction? Cowardice? I only know we don't live twice,

Shun death at all risks? Well, at some True, I myself, sir, though I sould The cowardly, by no means come Under reproof as overbold-I who would have no end of brutes Dut up alive to guess what suits

My case and saves my toe from shoots The other poem with a moral purpose is in the form of a dialogue between a Lady and a Painter on the comparative wickedness of sketching from the nude and of killing birds for decorating millinery. This singular theme is pursued by Mr. Browning in entire good faith, with an evident absence of the faint est suspicion that he is striking a false note:

Ale. Yet, womanhood you reverence, So you profess! With bears and soul She. Of which fact this is evidence!
To help Art-study—for some dole Of certain wretched shillings-you Induce a woman-virgin, to To strip and stand stark neked ?

SAc. Nor feel that you degrade her? (Excuse the interruption)—clings Half savage-like around your hat †
Ah, do they please you! Wild bird wings! Next season -Paris prints assert-We must go feathered to the skirt ste keeps on the alert.

Owis, hawks, jays-swallows most approve

Dare I speak plainly ! Oh, I trust! Then, Lady Blanche, it less would move In heart and soul of me disgust Did you strip off those spotls you wear, And stand—for thanks, not shillings—bar To help Art like my model there, She well knew what absorbed her—praise In me for God's surpassing good, Who granted to my reverent gase A type of purest womanhood.
Fru-clothed with murder of His best
Of harmless beings—stand the test!

What is it you know? That you jest. For more than half a century Robert Browning kept on writing poetry in his own way and under the dominion of no law-giver save his own artistic conscience. The sum total of his schievement is surprising, and not less so the range of it. From flawless poems worthy of a

place with the best there is in English literature, lyrics of perfect beauty, dramatic mono logues revealing a profounder insight and a truer knowledge of human nature than almost any man since Shakespeare has possessed, the range reaches to staccato jargon, to read which aloud is to imitate the cacchinations of some of the dumb animals, to understand and thoroughly appreciate which is the peculiar joy of a certain class of cranks, making his own laws. Browning. original geniuses, has had to create his own public. The most numerous part of that public is disposed to separate from the mass of Browning's productions whatever is postry at first sight, and whatever seems to promise a reasonable reward for ju-dicious cultivation. They do not assume that ecause they find satisfaction in "How Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix." and in the "Flight of the Duchess," and in The Bishop Orders his Tomb," it is neces sary to force themselves to find pleasure in the Rad Cotton Nightcap Country" or in "Bor delic." The noisier part of Browning's admirers make a cult of the incomprehensible. Now and then, however, even in inner circles

of this cult there is raised some bold voice declaring the suspicion that it is foolish to

waste time in prayers to the Nine Muses for

intellect to solve riddles which have no valua-

view of Browning's obscurities, extravaeccentricities, and affectations. It will not bother itself much with him as a problem. It will take what is on the surface, readily apprehensible by ordinary intelligence, and it will be thankful that this post lived and wrote for fifty years.

The Works of a Great French Sculpto

The admirable exhibition of the sculptures of ANYOINE LOUIS BARTH now going forward in Twenty-third street, has furnished the occasion for the publication of an important book upon his Life and Works, of which Mr. CHABLES DE Kay is the author (Barye Monument Association). It is illustrated with wood cuts, arto-types, and prints, and the edition is limited to five hundred and twenty-five copies. Few such beautiful specimens of book making have been published in America as this smal quarto of some 160 pages, simply and tastefully bound in white parchment with gold lettering and medallions, and printed at the De Vinné Press on Holland paper delightful in texture and tone. The wood cuts for which Holland paper is used were likewise printed by De Vinné, those on India paper by John C. Bauer, the artotypes by Edward Bierstadt, and the etched portrait of Barye which forms the frontispiece by Kimmel & Volght. Great intelligence has been shown in select-

ing from the multitude of Barre's works those best fitted for illustration in such a book. Almost all his most famous works are shown, including some, like the four beautiful groups on the Louvre that stand in duplicate in Baltimore, which do not figure in the New York collection; and to these are added a number of less familiar objects, so that the whole range of Barre's talent is made plain. Moreover. while the monotony which would spring from a frequent relteration of similar sub-jects has been avoided, there has been no unwise effort to shun the semblance of repetition when a comparison of two similar designs could prove that a great artist may produce works which, though much alike, are yet essentially individual. In general the of the illustrations is very good, yet differences in quality appear upon examination. Some of the artotypes, like No. 82, "Elk Surprised by a Lynx," seem as perfect reproductions of their bronze originals as a combination of the camera and the press could produce; but in a few complicated subjects, like No. 68. "Mounted Arabs Killing Lion," and No. 71, "Tartar Warrior Checking Horse," much of the modelling disappears in too heavy shadows. In imitating the color of the patina—now green, now brown, and now golden—which Barre gave his proofs," the printer has not been quite successful as Mr. de Kay assumes. But this means less that the attainable has not achieved than that the impossible was attempted. As regards the wood cuts, some, like No. 33, "Lion Meeting Python." after a water color, and No. 60, the famous Slaying the Centaur," are most admirable in execution and printing, while others have a weak and streaky look, and others, again, are much too black in places. There are some of them which made a better effect when printed in with the text of the Century Magazine a year or two ago than they do here on separate pages of finer paper. The drawings made from some of Barye's works by Mr. Kenyon Cox are touched by a faithful and spirited hand, and there is more than one among them which may be preferred by the connoisseur in illustration to the larger but more mechanical reproductions. A notable instance is the little elephant on page 22.

But despite the variety, interest, and excel-

lence of the illustrations, this should by no

means be regarded as a fine picture book with

a "padding" of text. Mr. de Kay's essay bears the stamp neither of perfunctoriness nor of shallowness. It was evidently written con amore—with a true love for the subject, not with that desire to simulate enthusiasm which so commonly appears in work done at a special time for some such special reason as that which fathered the present volume. Much originality in the method of his treatment could not be expected. Too many biographies or memoirs of artists have been written in our times for what may be called a new concep-tion to be possible. But if the method is fa--consisting in a gradual survey of the artist's life, with running comments on the works produced from year to year—Mr. de Kay's own mental attitude is certainly individual. The reader may disagree with much that he says or may agree with it all—though this last is hardly probable—but in either case he will be likely to read every page and to pay the compliment of distinct assent or dissent to almost every statement. It may safely be said that the whole book is very interesting, but this does not mean that it is free from faults. Indeed, part of its very interest springs from a fault which, considering the memoir as a literary entity, is serious enough. This is the tendency to bring in matter which. value in itself and well presented, has but the most shadowy connection with the personality of Barye or the significance of his works. The three pages devoted to Minotaur myth and the many devoted to the bear in history and mythology are conspicuous instances, and minor ones appear with great frequency. Another blemish is a lack of systematic arrangement, which often results in the division of paragraphs that should be read consecutively (like those describing the four groups from the Louvre) by the insertion of others not immediately connected with them: and still another is causeless repetition. as when on page 115 we are told the same thing with regard to the fate of the Louvre figure of Napoleon III. that was said on page 106. Blemishes such as these last are readily explained by the short time that was at the author's command for the preparation of his book. For the fault first named another reason must be sought, but this, too, is not hard to discover. The fact that Mr. de Kay drags in so much material which has little connection with his theme is a not unnatural result of the fact that he is a special pleader for a certain theory of his own magining. This theory is that Barye shoulnot be looked at as an artist pure and simple. but that he is of paramount interest as a fellow worker with Darwin, an embodiment of the modern scientific spirit, an advocate of the easential affinity of man and beast. On certain pages it seems to be acknowledged that Barye himself was not conscious that his work was thus significant, but on many others it is implied that he consciously strove to show more than the external aspect of his brutes, more than the emotions proper to bestial nature, that his intentions were scientific or philosophical, and his conceptions often symbolic instead of purely artistic. As we close the book we are in doubt whether or no we should believe that Barye knew about himself all that his biographer has discovered. But it is unfortunate that there should be ever a suggestion that he did, for art has suffered too much already from efforts to read into it other message than the genuinely artistic. Of course, it is proper for any observer to say, if his personal impressions thus dictate: Look at these beasts of Barye's and see whether they do not confirm this or that scientific doctrine But it is a different matter to assume on one's own responsibility that without the rise of such doctrines works of this sort could not have been produced, that their author felt a definite scientific impulse, and that much of the value of his results is a consequence of the fact. We say "on one's own responsibility." for, be it noted, there is not the alightest fact in the records of Barye's life and conversation to support Mr. de Kay's hypothesis. contrary, all that he and others tell us of the great sculptor show him as even more purely and exclusively an artist than most of his fellow workers. The author says himself that no one would be more surprised than Barye could he read the mistaken sulogies of some of his admirers. Surely nothing would astound him more than to wake for a moment to be told that he had thought of his art in any other way than as a vehicle for expressing artistic ideas. or had studied his beasts for any other reason than because he felt them to be good subjects for the chisel, unless, indeed, ble answer. That is likely to be posterity's | might be even more amazed to learn that

the long neglect from which he suffered was chiefly inspired by "easts" feeling as bent on preserving the traditional gap between man and the beasts, and by religious sentiment as outraged by honor paid to soulless forms. Mr. de Kay speaks more truly when for a moment he forgets his theory and says that Millet and Barye "both suffered for audacity in proposing new order of things which they knew to be art which arbiters of the arts considered poor and unfinished work. Millet's painting was, and still is, charged with being muddy and 'cottony,' while his subjects were called vulgar. Barye's modelling was thought hurried and unfinished, while his subjects were chiefly beasts regarded by man as peculiarly his enemies, or at least animals without the stamp of approval- from the ancients." If we alter these words a little and say that Barye's subjects were disliked because they were unfamiliar in art and were considered undignified and uninteresting, we shall have the truth of the matter. "Caste" feeling cortainly had nothing to do with his non-success though it was called out to a certain extent by Millet's and Courbet's peasant pictures. Simflarly, in place of the long explanation why for reasons of sentimental, racial, or political prejudice, lions were beloved by the artists of earlier days and bears were neglected, we should have been glad to accept the simple statement that the lion is a beautiful beast, fine in line, modelling, and movement, while the form of the bear is ugly, his modelling

the bear as a type of much that is significant in history and tradition, he would not take Barye's best bear in exchange for one of his ortraits of the beautiful cat family. Always writing with enthusiasm, Mr. de Kar never falls into rhetorical excess. His descriptions of the works so fully illustrated are commendably brief, and his use of laudatory adjectives is refreshingly small by comparison with the manner of most writers of monographs. Conscientious inquiry is evident wherever the facts of Barye's life are recorded and is conspicuously proved by the full and copious year to year record given as an appendix. This was wisely not confined to facts personal to Barys, but includes others which illustrate his relations to the artistic world in which he dwelt. In short, there are many merits in the book besides its great merit of being so beautiful a specimen of book making. If we have dwelt less on these than on its faults it is because so dignified a volume deserves to be seriously studied, and also because the chief fault is a very dangerous one. Now that we are emerging from indifference and ignorance into a mood of real interest in matters artistic, the kind of criticism published by those having authority and not by casual scribes is of immense importance. It is difficult to estimate how much harm has been done in the past by clever writers who looked at art from a literary rather than an artistic point of view. Such an attitude is less in favor now; but for this very reason it is disappoint ing to find a well-known critic reverting to the same frame of mind which induced Ruskin. for instance, to treat Turner not as an artist in the true sense of the word but now as a scientific geologist and now as a patient topographer. It is necessary to speak of non-artistic qualities when they are manifestly present, as of religious sentiment in the "Angelus." But even in such cases it is needful to show that the value of the work as art depends on something else; and when non-artistic qualities are simply imagined by the observer—as we must think is the ease with Mr. de Kay's Darwinian discoveries—then to dwell upon them with insistence is to write in a dangerous way. To those who have firm convictions and a steady head, Mr. de Kay's theories will afford much entertainment and

and probably a false bias as regards the point of view of works of art in general, Charlemagne

some instruction. To those in a gruder men-

tal state they may give a false idea of Barye

The History of Charles the Great, by J. J. MOMBERT (Appletons), is undoubtedly a credit to American scholarship. It is not a mere attempt to popularize the researches and deductions of German students of the subject. The book before us may have faults of its own, but it at all events embodies the results of a firsthand examination of the original authorities. Perhaps no one who has not, at some odd moment, pored in perplexity over monkish chronicles can appreciate the difculty and conscientiousness of such investigation. It would have been so much easierand perhaps excusable where materials have been so often threshed and winnowed-to ap propriate the harvest of others' drudgery. In that way it is possible that the author might have made a more readable book, but it would not have reflected much credit on himself or on his country. As it is, Dr. Mombert has produced one of the few volumes of independent historical value for which Americans have to thank a fellow citizen, for which there is reserved an honored place in working libraries. The habit of adhering to the contemporary chronicles leads Dr. Mombert to repeat som errors of nomenclature, into which the writers of Charles's time naturally fell. For inbe occasionally speaks of the Avarsas "Huns." It is, we believe, generally acknowledged by ethnologists that the Avars (although of Turanian stock, like the Huns, Magyars, Tartars and Turks who successively invaded Europe) are no more identical with the followers of Attila than they are with the Hungarians, who did not reach the Danubian region until after Charles's day. We also find it difficult to determine from Dr. Mombert's text what share of his father's dominions Charles received on Pepin's death. Here again it is the chronicles themselves that are chargeable with vague and inconsistent statements. It must also be scknowledged that, in the ardor of his quest of

riod, for which we are indebted to Prof. Hardy. Rivalry in Eich Mea's Tombs

facts, the author has at times unduly neglected

iterary form. But there are so many artists

and so few explorers in the realm of letters

that to comment on the mere diction of the

work before us might look like an imperti-

nence. Neither did it enter into Dr. Mombert's

purpose to reconstruct the past with the help

of the imagination. They who want really to

ive in the times of Charles the Great should

first saturate their minds with the facts re-

porded in this history and then turn to "Passe

Rose," the remarkable romance of the same pe-

From the San Francisco Chros A contract was signed yesterday for the construction of a magnificent mausoleum in Laurel Hill Cemetery for the Floods, and work upon it will commence in a few days and be prosecuted steadily by a large force of men for a year, when it is hoped that it will be finished. The mausoleum is to be finer than the beautiful one lately completed by James G. Fair and equal to that of the Crocker family. It will

cost at least \$100.000. It will be modelled after the Jay Gould mauoleum, but in beauty of structure will, it is stated, even surpass it. Its form is to be that of a peripteral Ionic temple, and it will be constructed entirely of California material, and almost entirely of granite. The only other material used will possibly be a little marble along the margins for the receptacles for the dead. Even this will be dispensed with it possible, and artistically worked granite substituted.

The great tomb will be about thirty-two feet long and twenty-feet wide, and will reach to a height of twenty feet. There are to be twenty-sight columns, each being a perfect polished plecs without joint and unmarred in any way. The cells will be ten feet eight inches in height with angle or volute caps on all sides.

When completed, the mansoleum will in the interior have the effect of a great mirror, as its granite sides, and even the floor, which will be of granits, will be as smooth as glass. The dome in its interior will be of panelled and curiously carved granite.

The mansoleum, as at first constructed, will have receptacles for six persons, or for as many as constitute the Flood family. When the monument is completed the remains of Mr. Flood will be their permanent resting place. stated, even surpass it. Its form is to be that

SOME DUTCH MASTERS. Fletures Such as Are Not Often Seen Here. One of the most interesting pictures ever rought to this country is an "Interior" by Pleter de Hoogh, recently put on exhibition in the rooms of Messrs. Durand-Ruel. Born in 1630, De Hoogh (or De Hooch, as the name is commonly written) evidently owed much to the example of Rembrandt, who was twenty-two years his senior. Yet he is by no neans to be classed among the imitators of the great master of chiaroscuro. He should hardcounted even as belonging to Rembrandt's "school," for his individuality is very distinct, and he found a path of his own wherein to display it. From Rembrandt he learned the value of strongly contrasted light and shadow. But his contrasts are not the wilfully effective ones that may be secured by studio devices, nor the mysterious, non-natural oper which Rembrandt imagined in so many of his biblical subjects. De Hoogh paints always the light of common day, and not as it may be arranged, but as it naturally shows itself to every eve, and his subjects, moreover, are not imginative, biblical, or historic, but drawn from the simplest scenes of local contemporary life. In his love of chiaroscuro more than for color or for form, he is a follower of Remerandt; in his love for humble every-day themes, he is a brother of Terburg and s whole host of their fellow countrymen. But he stands almost by himself as uniting these two tendencies. There is no other great clumsy or invisible, his motions awkward, and painter of domestic life who is so great his whole personality a combination of the rude and the ridiculous. All the interest of Barye's renderings of the bear do but make a master of chiaroscuro as De Hoogh, xcept Van der Meer of Delft. Nor is the these facts more plain. And we fancy that, likeness even between there two very close In technical ways they are far apart, Van de despite all Mr. de Kay's expressed interest in Meer being the more exquisite worker with the brush and De Hoogh seeming a little naïve, a little blunt, sometimes a little heavy in comparison; and in choice of theme they are as different from an artistic though not from a merely superficial point of view. Van der Meer usually shows an interior solely for its own sake, getting his conspicuous effect of light by placing his fig-ures near a window, as in the lovely canvas at

> personal use. De Hoogh, like Van der Meer, was late in claiming his right share of the honor that modern times have bestowed on the "Little Masters" of Holland. It is only in comparatively recent years that his pictures have been prized as they deserve, but a measure of their present value is read in the fact that the Berin Museum lately paid \$80,000 for a good example. Two excellent examples are more amiliar than this, having long hung in the Louvre, and one of these is perhaps De Hoogh's masterpiece, as the characterization of the fig pres is almost as remarkable as in a first-rate Perburg, while the effect of light is character stically fine. Another admirable De Hoogh is one of the pearls of the Richard Wallace collection in London, and from time to time others are being unearthed from the Dutch or English collections where they had dwelt in semi-obscurity. The picture now at Messrs. Durand-Ruel's

shows a low-coiled, dusky interior, with a fire-

place at the left, before which a woman is

the Metropolitan Museum. De Hoogh almost

always shows an interior, chiefly for the sake

of showing the open air beyond it. He is not

literally the only Dutchman who ever did this

yet he did it so much more constantly and

triumphantly than any other that he seems al-

most to have secured a right to the scheme.

Even when we see, for instance, a work so mod-

ern in subject and sentiment as Millet's

we feel, as we note the open door and the dif

Woman Churning" at the Barye exhibition

erent planes of sunlight distance beyond it,

that a leaf has been stolen from that special

laurel bush which fate planted for De Hoogh's

stooping and turning her head to speak to another who stands relieved against a range of low curtained windows. To the right an open door succeeds these windows, and through it we see, first, a wide hall paved with lozengeshaped slabs of gray and white, and then another window or door, beyond which lies a stretch of tree-bordered canal, and then a line of high-roofed houses. The drawing and char-acterization of the figures has not the strong nicety we find in a Terburg or the suprem delicacy that marks a Van der Meer; but it is only by comparison with masters as great as these that any lack of complete excellence could be noted. Nor is it color which chiefly attracts the eye, although, indeed, the harmony of the prevalent tones of brown and gray is most admirably kept and as admirably relieved by the beautifully varied notes of red in the curtain of the distant window of the hall, in the incket of the crouching woman, and in the charm of the picture lies in the way the vists through the doorway has been realised, and, of course, in the way its brilliant lighting has been harmonized with the duskiness of the rest of the canvas. The filtered light and luminous shade of the room, the golden glow of the hall, the dim yet palpitating illumination of the canal in the shadow of the house fronts, the vividness of the sun-struck gabled roofs and the sky, the effect of successive planes of distance, the nature of air as a palpable, living medium - all these are expressed with a completeness and distinctiveness as entire as if we looked at Nature herself; yet so simply, so soberly, at once so frankly and so tenderly, that it seems as if nothing could be easier than such a piece of work. No one who did not know what the art of painting really means, and what the museums of the world really have to show, would imagine that results which look so simple in themselves, and were apparently so easily achieved, could deserve to be called unique. Yet no lesser word can describe Pieter de Hoogh's successes with his favorite kind of problem. No one else ever painted quite the same things in quite so perfect a war Immigrants as noble as this canvas seem, by the way, to insist on having companions. Almost as soon as we got one fine Rembrandt we got several, and so it has been with De Hooghs. Another De Hoogh, not so beautiful as this one but still excellent, was recently loaned for em hibition at the Union League Club by the Messrs. Cottler; the same firm has a third in its keeping, which has not yet been shown the public; and a fourth is now or soon will be on

public; and a fourth is now or soon will be on its way to New York—the famous example from the Secretan collection.

Bo great is the charm of this picture that it is hard to turn one's attention to the others which Messrs. Durand-Ruel have recently imported. Yet there are notable pictures among them. One is a large Delacroix, "Columbus at the Convent of Sto. Marie de Robida," which is remarkable for its careful drawing, the sobriety of its mood, and the reticence of its color—white, gray, and pale blues dominating in the scheme and vivid touches showing only in the red caps of Columbus and the boy who stands near him. Another is a large Decamps, very brown in color, very eccentric at first sight in composition, but seeming saner and more agreeable the longer one looks—a dramatic pre-entiment of the fable of the "Oak and the Reed." A third is a large Corot, called "Le Pusseur," a river scene with overhanging trees and a ferryboat, peculiar for the brownness of its tone. There is an excellent marice of Dupre's also; a delicious little twilight moorgiand landscape of Daubigny's; another Corot with a curious arrangement of tail, thin, enaky poplar trunks; a beautiful small Houssesu, very much in the manner of the "Valley of Tiffaures" at the Barye exhibition, and an inland view of Dupre', remarkable for the unwonted delicacy of effect, secured without losing the broad, vigorous touch that is characteristic of his hand.

Pinetuntions in Roses.

From the Atlanta Journal. "What are roses quoted at to-day?" was
the strange question overheard by a Journal
reporter in a florist stand recently.
"American Beauties at 22 cents. La France
at 18 cents, and the Bride at 18 cents, "was the
prompt reply,
" Poes the rose market fluctuate?" asked the
reporter.

"Poes the rose market fluctuate?" asked the renorter.

"Why, certainly." was the dealer's reply.

"When there are a number of entertainments to be given throughout the country the price of roses goes up. Now there are a large number of receptions and weddings to night, and the prices are up to day from 18 to 25 cents a bud."

All of these beautiful buds come from Washington city, where they are forced in immense both houses. Rosebuds shipped from any other city always shatter, but those from Washington never do.

ton never do.

When there is a large number of demands for flowers from all over the country the price goes up. but maybe on the next day the demand will fall short and the price go away down. It is just like the cotton or pork market.